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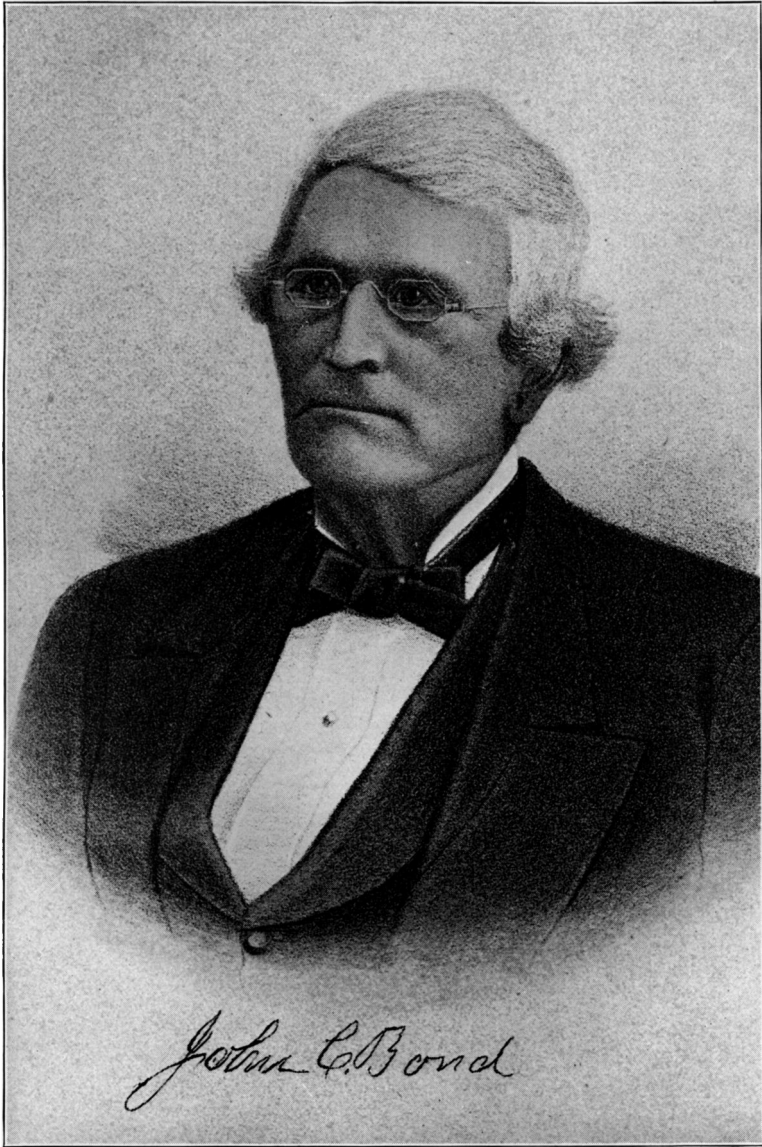
MAJOR JOHN CRAIN BOND.

By SARAH BOND HANLEY.

One of the earliest pioneers and one who did as much for the upbuilding of Warren County as any other one person, was Major John Crain Bond, who left Alabama on account of his anti-slavery views, coming to Illinois in 1826, and died when I was a young girl. His physical perfection, enhanced by the courtly manner of the old school, the nobility of his character, the command of his intellect and the fact that without any effort of his everyone with whom he came in contact, including the members of his own family, showed him the greatest deference, as though he was set apart from all others, excited my intense admiration and made an impression upon me which can never be effaced.

John Crain Bond was born on Christmas Day, 1799, near Knoxville, Tennessee. His parents were Jesse Walton Bond, a North Carolinian by birth, and Susannah Crain, of Georgia. They were first cousins and were married in Overton County, Tennessee, in 1798, and to them were born seven children besides the subject of this sketch: Benjamin, Joel, Ruby, William, Barnett, Jesse Walton and Nathan. Ruby married Jesse Looney and in 1843 moved to Jefferson County, Oregon, where they reared a large family and were prominent as people of public spirit and intellect, who did much toward the upbuilding of the Oregon Territory, and many of their descendants live there today. It might be of interest to state here that the poet, Joaquin Miller, lived in their family as a youth and that they assisted him in obtaining an education.

The paternal grandparents of John Crain Bond were Jesse Bond of North Carolina, and Mildred Crain of Georgia. About 1800, they removed from Georgia to Tennessee, but while enroute Jesse Bond was killed at Salt Petre Cave (Nick A. Jack) in southeastern Tennessee. They had three children, Jesse Walton, Lucy and Nathan. Lucy married a man named Cargile. Mrs. Bond afterwards married James Brock, and



JOHN C. BOND.

they made their home in Clinton County, Kentucky, where they reared a family.

The maternal grandparents of Major John C. Bond were John Crain, a soldier of the Revolution, and Mildred Walton, a member of the famous Georgia family of that name, of which George Walton, governor, jurist and statesman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence was the most distinguished.

In 1818, John C. Bond married Mary (Polly) Grimsley of Knox County, Tennessee, a daughter of William Grimsley, a Baptist minister, and Anna Strickler, and shortly after moved to Jackson County, Alabama, where his parents also located.

They had three children born there, Susannah, William Grimsley and Jesse Walton. Another daughter, Ruby Looney, was born in Morgan County, Illinois, where he removed in 1826. His wife died here, and in 1828, he married Miss Mary Singleton, by whom he had two children, Evelyn and Fielding. He only lived six years in Morgan County, but while there made the acquaintance of Stephen A. Douglas, and being of the same political faith and kindred tastes a friendship was formed that was strong and enduring. During the winter months he worked in the lead mines at Galena, and in 1829 passed through Warren County on what was known as "the old Galena trail" and camped on the edge of the timber two miles west of what later became his home. As he surveyed the broad open prairie that stretched out for miles before him he was enraptured with the high rolling mound where the old homestead now stands, and remarked to his companions "There is where I will settle".

While in Galena, he did surveying and many of the early lots there were surveyed by him. He was there during the Black Hawk War, serving as a first sergeant in Captain Maugh's Company, and was one of the faithful band in the Block House.

His brother, Barnett Bond, served in the same company. His brothers-in-law, William and Fielding Grimsley, were in the Black Hawk War from Morgan County. His title as Major was received under the old Militia Law of Illinois,

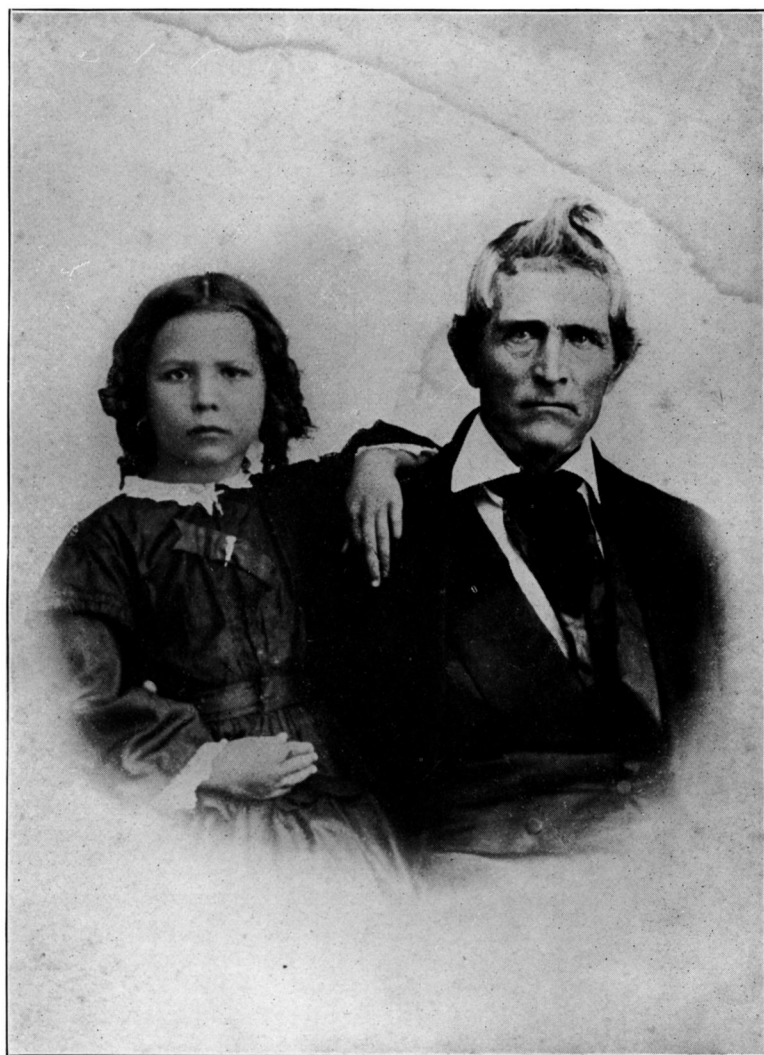
being major of the Regiment of which John Butler was colonel.

In 1832, he settled permanently in Greenbush Township, Warren County, living in a double log cabin with his parents north of his present home. This cabin burned about 1843. In 1856, he built the frame house that is standing today, and which on his death he left to his grandson, John Crain Bond, Jr., who had lived with him since infancy, and who now occupies it. On Christmas day, this grandson and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in this same house where they were married fifty years before.

In 1842, Major Bond's wife died, and two years later he married Mrs. Nancy Green Terry, daughter of Andrew Stice and Nancy Wilson, and to them were born two children, Cordelia, who married Henry Staat of Warren County, and Canzada, who married Mathew Campbell of Oklahoma, and who is the only child of Major Bond now living.

On March 4, 1830, Major Bond's father, Jesse Walton Bond, with his wife and sons, left Alabama, on a boat for Galena, Illinois. I have in my possession a diary he kept during this journey. He writes: "Saturday, the 20th, we cut loose and went on very well till we met a steam boat, "The Fairy". Not being acquainted we thought it was coming right on us and we put for the willows and hung to them with power till it passed us. It came close by and asked where we were bound. About two o'clock we passed Perryville and saw another steamboat coming, "The Victory", but we were not afraid any more. Sunday morning, the 21st, and about Duck River, we overtook John House and his family in a little boat on his way to the Illinois."

Later on he writes of visiting relatives in these words: "Friday, the 2nd of April. Landed at Smith's Landing (Now Chester, Illinois), and got off the boat three miles above the mouth of Little Mary's River, and about three miles from John Crain's. We stored our plunder in Mr. Smith's warehouse and went to Crain's that evening. Monday, the 5th, we went down to James Crain's and saw a heap of our connections and they are all well. Sunday, the 11th, we went to Joel Crain's and that night came back to Jack's, and Squire Crain and Millie came to see us. Wednesday, the 15th, we



JOHN C. BOND AND DAUGHTER CORDELIA.
(Taken 1857).

got aboard a steamboat, "The Phoenix" and we sailed for St. Louis, arriving there the next day we went aboard another steamboat, the "Red Rover", whose captain's name was Throckmorton, and lay in her until Sunday, the 18th, when about 9 o'clock we got off very well and landed in Galena, April 25."

The Crains, whom they visited at Smith's Landing were his wife's brothers, and must have been in Illinois at a very early day for Joel and Squire served in the Indian Wars of 1812 and 1814.

Jesse W. Bond shortly after moved to Morgan County. While there he writes in his journal thus briefly of the winter of the deep snow: "December 15, 1830, cold weather began here, and on the 19th began to snow and continued snowing till there fell between 3 and 4 feet, and on top of all that it has begun to snow again today, January 15, 1831." In 1832, he came to Warren County and entered his claim on Section Eighteen, Greenbush Township.

At the first public land sale of the Military Tract at Quincy, Illinois, he and James Tucker, Peter Butler, Daniel R. Perkins, Louis Vertrees and John Riggs, all met there to complete the purchase of their home. Having accomplished this, the future looked bright before them, and though the journey to Warren County was long, and they had only five horses between them, they were not a whit dismayed, but with a neighborly spirit, typical of the pioneer, arranged to "ride and tie", and thus they reached their homes.

Jesse W. Bond died on February 26, 1840, at the age of sixty-five. His wife died January 7, 1859, at the age of eighty-five. They were buried in the Bond Cemetery which was a part of their land.

Major John C. Bond was elected one of the Commissioners of Warren County in 1839. In 1853 he, with Samuel Halam and Robert Gilmore, were appointed to divide the county into townships in accordance with the vote then taken to adopt township organization. This they did, and the fifteen townships exist today as they divided them. After township organization, he was the first supervisor elected from Greenbush and served for fourteen years. Among those on the board were these pioneers and valuable citizens, E. C. Lewis,

Robert Gilmore, Hiram Norcross, Porter Phelps, and John Riggs. Major John C. Bond was the first Justice of the Peace in the south end of Warren county, being elected in 1835, and married the first couple in Greenbush township, Moses T. Hand and Elizabeth Crawford, on December 23, 1835. The second marriage in the township was that of his daughter, Susannah Bond, to Walter Johnson, which occurred on November 25, 1836. His first court was held in his smokehouse and the occasion being so important, he ordered his sons, William and Jesse, to clean out the smokehouse and set the courtroom in order. While carrying out his instruction, they performed some tricks not proper to docket and were fined for contempt of Court and paid the penalty.

In 1844, he was a candidate for the legislature, and defeated by three votes.

His oldest son, William Grimsley Bond, served with distinction during the Civil War, in August 26, 1862, he became Captain of Company H, 83d Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry. In February, 1863, he was promoted to major of the same regiment and was in full command thereof until he was mustered out of the service at Nashville, Tennessee, June 23, 1865. He was twice wounded at Ft. Donelson. After the war, he returned to Warren County and served one term as Deputy Sheriff and then was elected Sheriff three terms in succession.

Major William G. Bond died in Monmouth in 1892.

The second son of Major John C. Bond was my father, Jesse Walton Bond, who was born in Alabama Sept. 7, 1825. In 1850, he crossed the plains to California in search of gold, driving an ox team. He remained two years, and then returned for his family, consisting of his wife, Sarah Terry Bond, and two little girls, Edwina and Ellen, and again crossed the plains. Edwina married Samuel L. Karns of Greenbush, and after his death married Dr. William Randall, and she died in Monmouth, October 17, 1919. Ellen became the wife of B. F. Reed, and they are now living in Missouri, where they will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary March 13, 1923. In 1854, the wife of Jesse W. Bond died in Sacramento, California, after the birth of a son, John Crain Bond, Jr., and he returned to Illinois by the Isthmus of Panama, with his three little children.

Some months later, leaving his children with their grandparents, he again drove an ox team across the plains to California for the third time, remaining until 1862 when he returned to Warren County.

On October 25, 1863, he married Anna C. Harrah, born in Belmont County, Ohio, February 25, 1835, by whom he had three children, Sarah Helen, Jesse Walton and Anna Josephine (now Mrs. George C. Goodman). He lived in Warren County until his death April 25, 1905, and his wife survived him nine years, dying May 16, 1914, and they both rest in the Bond Cemetery.

On his second trip to California, some extracts from his letter to his sister, Mrs. Susannah Johnson, may be interesting. "Salt Lake, July 14, 1852. Dear Sister: We arrived here today at ten o'clock all well and hearty. My team is in good condition. Better than they were when we were here before. I will begin at the time we left the Missouri River and give you a brief sketch up to the present. We left the Missouri River the 22d of May and were all well excepting Jane Simmons. We got along fine for some time. Jane was on the mend and then the Cholera broke out, Jane was very bad, and grieved and fretted all the time about starting and Dave turned back. I did not blame him any for turning back, but I was never so sorry for a man in my life. I blame Jane more than Dave. Bill Woods would not have gone back with them if he could have helped himself. I don't think Jane would have lived if they had gone on. I fear they never all got back alive. About 2 miles after Dave left us, we came to where John Perkins wife died, and the Cholera became more violent and more of it, but none of us have it, although all the crowd have been sick, excepting Johnson Jones and myself, but are all well now. We passed about one hundred graves from Council Bluffs to Ft. Laramie, and after that scarcely any.

"July 15. It is after night, and I will sit down in my vehicle and finish my letter. Joseph Jared is playing a fiddle, and the rest of the boys are dancing. The oxen I got of Dave Simmons are the best in the team, and take my vehicle akiting, and I would not take a hundred dollars for them. I will give their names so Dave will know, Buck, Brandy and Bright.

We had eight yoke of cattle shod today at sir dollars a yoke and will finish shoeing tomorrow. I bought a fine cow today for \$30.00 and shall buy another tomorrow. Flour is worth \$3.00 per hundred, bacon 20, coffee 30, sugar 33, and other things in proportion. I sold all my flour before I came here for \$10.00 per hundred and bought bacon for 12½."

The third son of Major John C. Bond was Fielding, a young man of the most brilliant promise. He graduated with honors in the first class from Lombard University, Galesburg, Illinois, in 1847. His classmates were Floyd G. Brown, James H. Chapin, Edward D. Lunn, and David Scott Wike. Some-time later he was admitted to the bar and went to LaGrange, Texas, where he entered a law office. When the war broke out, there was great bitterness against all Northerners, and there was a strong probability that he would be forced into the Southern Army. This he was determined should never be, but he could not collect money that was due him and was also closely watched lest he slip away. But there was a teacher there in a private school, Miss Ellen Phelps, a daughter of his father's old friend, Porter Phelps of Illinois. His predicament was explained to her by his law partner with whom she boarded, who told her that he thought it would kill his partner if he was forced into the Southern army. Miss Phelps asked if it would be possible to collect the money due her and when informed that it probably could be done since she was a woman and not under such close surveillance, she asked him to collect her money, and give his partner sufficient means to reach home which was done. Shortly after Mr. Bond disappeared from LaGrange, but it was months before he was able to reach his father's home in Illinois.

In 1861, he was elected the first superintendent of schools in Warren County, but died when only 28 years old before he could assume the duties of the office.

It may be of interest here to give some extracts from a letter he wrote his father from Texas, and also a portion of a letter written by his brother, Jesse Walton Bond, from California to a friend in Illinois, showing how these two sons residing in different sections of our country, both Southern by

ancestry and one by birth, viewed the impending conflict for the preservation of the Union.

“LaGrange, Texas, Dec. 9th, /60.

John C. Bond, Esq.

* * * * *

I was not much surprised to hear Illinois went for Lincoln, though I had tried to hope for a long time that it would go for Douglas, but as he got only the vote of one state I do not regret that was a slaveholding state and the home of Jim Green. As for Breckenridge, I am as glad he is beaten as were the Disunionists to whom the news seemed too good to be true when on the 8th of November they heard Lincoln was elected; for they had then gained the Victory dearest their hearts; that is the complete disruption of the Democratic party, which as long as it remained entire must hold the union together. The news of Lincoln's election was received here in the greatest glee, and with shouts of rejoicing. The mass of the people, it is true, worshipped John C. Breckenridge, but the leading politicians here only cared for his defeat and that of every other candidate but Lincoln. Though it is likely many of them in order to enjoy the spoils of office four years longer, would have been willing for even Breckenridge to have been elected and the union to have even lasted four years longer. It is useless for the North to make any concessions to the South for she is not seceding now on principle but because wild, fanatical, disappointed, ambitious and defeated politicians say she must; they want war for the sake of the renown it will bring them as military heroes, for brought up in idleness and dissipation, they have not the energy and ability to carve out their own path to fame as Stephen A. Douglas had. They want dissolution and a Southern Confederacy, because they want office and it's accompanying spoils for then there will be the same number of offices to fill, and of course fewer competitors, and they want a Revolution so their names could go down to posterity as Washington's and Jefferson's and as signers, perhaps, of another Declaration of Independence, and as the authors of another Constitution to be again torn in atoms by their revolutionary descendants. It is a Don Quixotic senseless spirit of chivalry actuates all this. And a spirit that can be traced directly to

their peculiar institution. They love disunion for itself, and they are bound to have it on some pretext or other, and now is the best for them to undertake it for when their supplies are cut off from the northwest they will starve to death. They will have to import their seed corn from Illinois to plant in the spring. They have to get bread and pork, bacon, potatoes, beans, fruit, butter, peas, in fact nearly everything that sustains life from the northwest now, and without these supplies they could not support an army or even their families. The Austin Intelligencer, one of the few fearless union papers in this state, tells them that if they succeed in bringing about a dissolution in three months ten thousand women and children in the state of Texas will be crying for bread, but in the face of all these facts, nearly everyone is in favor of secession at all hazards and in spite of any pledges Lincoln or the North may make. I am one of the few here who can lay claim to the distinguished honor of being called a Tory and a Submissionist. My partner is a hot-headed disunionist. My old friends, Webb and Jarmon, are most intensely for disunion. Mr. Webb had a long private conversation with me the other day in which he tried to induce me to come out for secession, and advised me to come out and take a decided stand for it if I could conscientiously do so. He said it would be of more advantage to me than any other course I could pursue, and even hinted my personal safety might depend upon it, but he did not urge that point for I think he knew it would be of no use. They had a meeting last Saturday at which they adopted strong secession resolutions, which I will send you in the paper of this place. Yesterday they had a meeting at which I understand they passed some more ultra-resolutions. They did not raise a military company yesterday, but made preparations for doing so, appointing Mr. Webb who is a Brigadier-General and two others to raise the number of men requisite to form a company. There are a great many exceedingly valorous men here, but I think if there is a chance for fighting their courage will somewhat ooze out; Falstaff was a very valient man under all circumstances except when it was needed. I think there are some here who are afflicted with the same unfortunate weakness. The reason, no doubt, that they do not enlist is because they

think they are not needed, since they say one southern man can whip twenty-five northern men. Therefore in case of war very few southern men will have to fight. I even learned the other day for the first time that the Illinois volunteers run at the Battle of Buena Vista, and that but for the Mississippi volunteers the day on that account would have been lost. I immediately thought of Colonel Bissell and repented of everything I had ever said against him and lamented bitterly the political meanness the Democratic party of Illinois resorted to to prevent his being elected on account of his not being able to take the dueling oath of office, as a duel for such a cause should never be brought up against a man. I will always honor Colonel Bissell for that very thing. * * *

Fielding Bond."

"Ora Fino, California, June 9, 1861.

* * * I will say something on the Union and politics. In the first place, I will inform you that I am a Union man in every sense of the word. I hold that no state has a right to secede from the Union. I hold that it is the duty of government to hold and retake all forts, arsenals, harbors, mints and all government property and collect its revenue and if she wants to furnish a few of her soldiers with muck-a-muck to keep them from starving, she should and must do it even if Miss Carolina doesn't like it.

Now, sir, this war has been brought about by the disunionists of the North and South, but let me tell you one thing, South Carolina seceded without any cause whatever. She fired the first gun on a government fort. She killed American soldiers. She dragged out six other states with her. Now, sir, must the Government stand still with her head down like a whipped boy and say, "Don't South Carolina, for Heaven's sake, don't!" We don't want to fight. Please let us alone. We will never try to feed any more of our soldiers. We will let them starve. Take our forts, our arsenals, our mints, blockade our harbors, take our property, trail our flag in the dust. Yes, take it all. Do as you please, but don't whip us. Yes, Jefferson Davis, come and take Washington; take the Capitol; take it all. We weaken. We have no power. We can't defend it. Take it all, but take it peaceably if you please."

Now, sir, I have not forgotten the Democratic National Convention yet. I have not forgotten how these Southern fire-eating disunionists broke up the Democratic Convention on purpose to elect Lincoln, so that they would have an excuse to secede from the Union. If the South had stood by the principals that they stood on when they elected old Buck, (James B. Buchanan), and not have tried to rule or ruin, Stephen A. Douglas would have been president this day, and our country would have been in a prosperous condition, but no, Old Buck, Yancy and Company must destroy the only Union party and elect Lincoln and then secede. Now, I hope they will have a merry time of it.

Now, sir, as long as there was a chance for a peaceful settlement of our troubles I was opposed to the exercise of military power, but when the attack was made on Ft. Sumter and the South closed their doors to everything like a peaceful settlement, I could no longer hesitate. Politically I differ with those in power, but nothing will ever induce me to desert my country's flag. * * *

Jesse W. Bond."

Major John C. Bond was a man of splendid physique being six feet and three inches in height and straight as an Indian. His hair was very heavy, and in his later years snow white. In his broadcloth and silk hat and old fashioned stock he was most distinguished in appearance and I have heard many speak of him as being the handsomest man they ever saw. Of a wonderful constitution, he never knew an illness, and when eighty years of age thought nothing of walking six miles to Greenbush for his mail. He died of what we would term today appendicitis being ill only a short time. He was survived by six children, all of whom were present at his funeral, and thirty grandchildren, and thirty-six great grandchildren, and three great, great grandchildren.

When the news of his death reached Monmouth, the Circuit Court adjourned as a mark of respect to his memory, and the local paper spoke of him as follows:

"Maj. John C. Bond died at his old home residence in Greenbush Township, Saturday morning, May 20th, 1882, at 3 o'clock, at the venerable age of 83 years.

"His funeral services were held in the M. E. church in Greenbush Sunday afternoon, and were conducted by Elder Van Meter, an Old School Baptist of McDonough county, and were attended by an immense concourse of old settlers in the south part of the county, who have known this venerable and sterling man so long, so intimately, and so well.

"He was buried in the graveyard laid out by his father many long years ago. * * *

"As a neighbor and friend, he was one of the most genial and companionable men we ever knew, and just as true as the needle to the pole. His integrity was as unbending as the oak, and no man more heartily despised a dishonorable action than he. His heart and purse were ever open to the needy, the unfortunate, and the oppressed, and no one was ever turned hungry from his door. His home and its hospitalities were often shared by the early settlers who sought locations in this county, and they never forgot the genuine friendship they received from John C. Bond, and many are the silent tears that will be shed to his memory by those who bore the trials and vicissitudes of the years long gone by in the settlement of this county.

"Having well and faithfully performed the task set before him, and more than filled out the measure of his four score years, with a firm and abiding faith in the mercies of a true and just God, he peacefully closed his eyes and rests from his long journey of life. Thus has passed away John C. Bond, as good and true a man as ever resided in the county of Warren."